

What I Like About You

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Summary: Directly after HTTYD. Jack saw Astrid kiss Hiccup. Needless to say, he's very unhappy about this. Now Hiccup has to convince his friend to stay. Major Hijack fluff.

What I Like About You

"Jack! Jack, wait!" Hiccup cried pleadingly, running after his briskly retreating and grabbing onto the taller boy's arm, "Jack!"

"What?!" Jack yelled back, whirling around and glaring dead on at the freckled boy in front of him.

This was bad. Bad, bad. Great, he'd lost his leg and managed to probably ruin his friendship—er, relationship—well, whatever it was he had with Jack.

Hiccup pursed his lips, and closed his eyes, giving a sigh before he clutched at Jack's shirt tightly.

"Jack," Hiccup breathed the other boy's name experimentally, as though saying it for the first time. "Jack—"

"_What_?" Said boy growled, hurt and angry, "What do you want? Shouldn't you be with _Astrid_?"

He spat the last part with such a venom that Hiccup winced, and tightened his grip on his best friend's tunic.

Jack was behind mad right now. Right now all he could see was red, and frankly all he felt like doing was sulking on some mountain and maybe starting another ice age.

"No, Jack. No, I shouldn't be with Astrid." The young viking countered firmly, looking back into fiery blue with imploring emerald.

"And why not, huh?" Jack demanded wryly, "Aren't you two, like, an item now? She kissed you didn't she, in front of the whole village, right?!"

Hiccup huffed, "I didn't ask her to kiss me, Jack!"

"Well you didn't object either!" The winter spirit shouted back, yanking Hiccup's hands away from his clothing, "You've always wanted her to kiss you, Hiccup, to like you, and now you've got your wish! Now you've got what you wantâ€"!"

"That's where you're wrong!" The fourteen year old yelled exasperatedly, twisting his wrists in Jack's grasp so their fingers intertwined instead, "This is what I want, Jack! This!" He lifted their joined hands and waved them around a little.

The white-haired boy's eyes lingered on their hands, bemused, before they flicked back to the auburnette's freckled face, "But, youâ€" "

"I used to like Astridâ€"emphasis on used to, as in past tense. I realized that I like you more. I like holding your hand," Hiccup said hurriedly, squeezing his fingers earnestly. >"I like your hair, and your eyes, and I like your stupid cocky grin. And I like how much taller you are than me," he continued, hands wandering up to rest at Jack's shoulders, "I like your deep voice, and I like it when you hug me and make fun of me. I like when you tease me, I like it when you nip my nose," Hiccup laughed a little, face flushing, "I like how you always make me feel better, I like your dumb pranks, and your mischievous attitude."

Jack smiled slightly as Hiccup continued to get more flustered when he kept staring and being silent.

"I like wearing your cloak when it gets cold, I like coming to you when I feel sad. I like you." The smaller teen finished, eyes prying at Jack's hopefully, round face anxious.

The seventeen year old gazed down at Hiccup, aforementioned smirk growing, but still saying nothing.

"W-well," Hiccup's voice cracked, and he took a step back, removing his hands, "A-are you gonna to just stand there like a snowman or are you gonnaâ€" "

Cold hands grabbed a small waist, and a yelp (a manly yelp!) was released from a surprised viking as the two boys were suddenly pressed chest to chest.

Jack's whole aura was smug, and Hiccup's breath caught in his throat at the pale face that was edging closer to his.

"Me, huh?"

Jack's chuckle was the last thing Hiccup was conscious of before their lips were smashed together.

Minutes later, they pulled apart gasping and laughing, and just

caught up in what happened.

The odd couple embraced, in awe of how perfectly they fit against each other.

And later, when the full moon was out, the pair walked back into the sleeping village contently, Jack's cloak around Hiccup's shoulders and their entwined hands swinging between them, Jack asked playfully, "So. D'you like kissing me better too?"

"_Definitely_," came the shaky, but honest reply, and they became a tangled mess of arms and lips again.

End
file.